

The Buffalo
1917

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Instruere Ingenium-Primum Omnium

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"



MILLIGAN FROM A DISTANCE

THE BUFFALO



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
MILLIGAN COLLEGE
TENNESSEE

1917

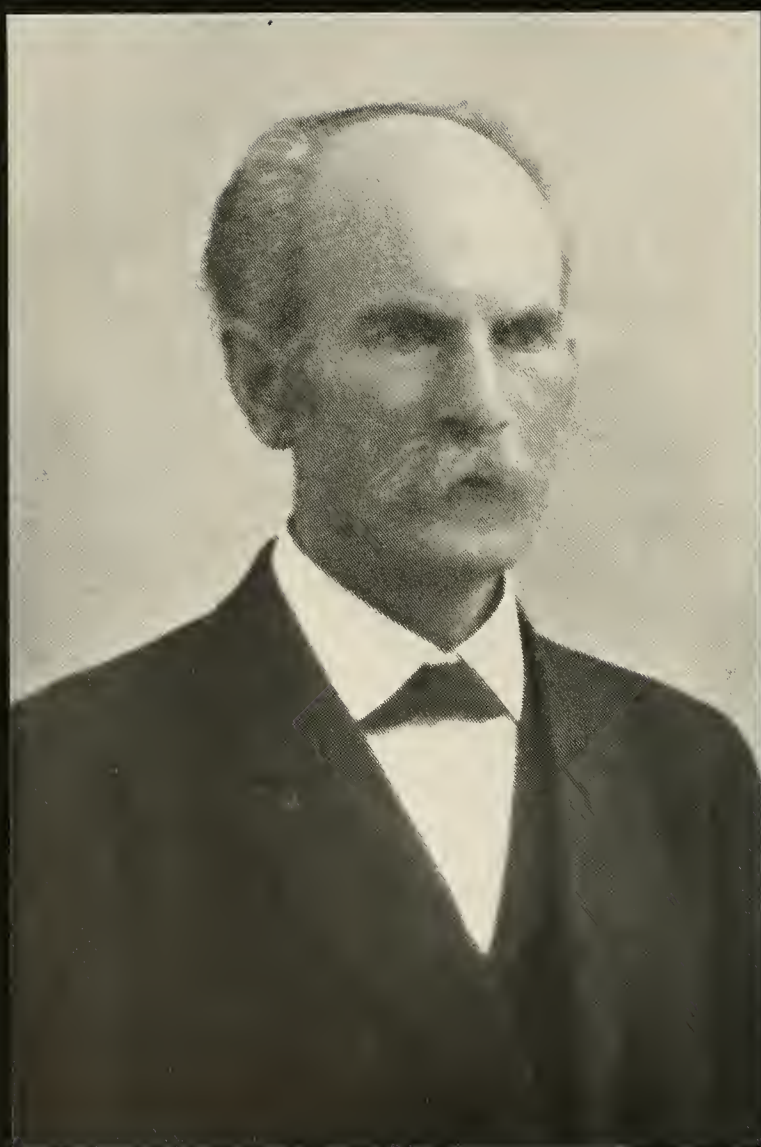
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To
Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Hopwood

whose lives, in sweet and saintly
companionship, inspired by the
loftiest Christian ideals, have
been dedicated with unselfish
abandon to the service of
others; we gratefully
and affectionately

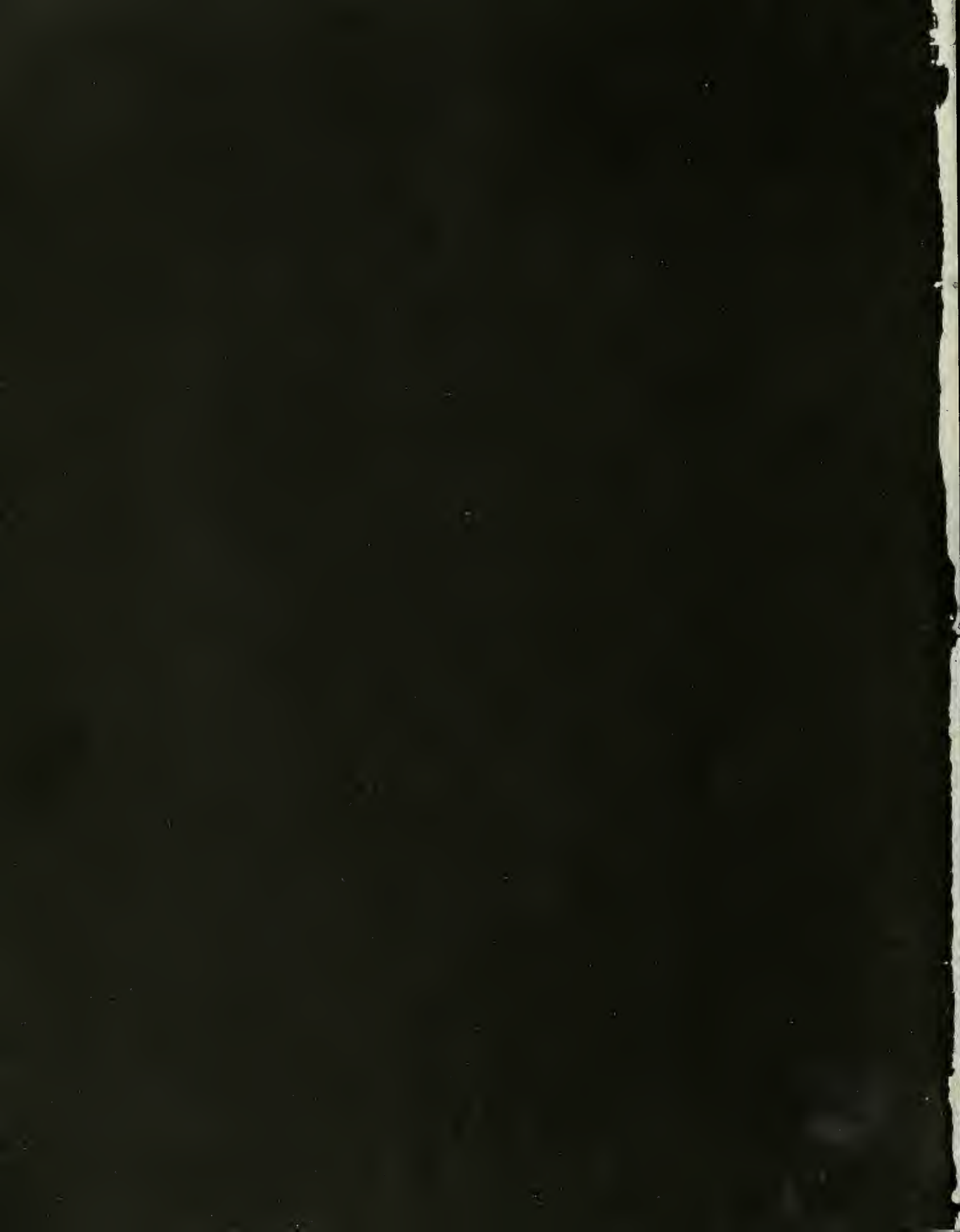
Dedicate This Volume,













As Others See Them

WE have tried to show some small measure of appreciation and esteem for our beloved President and Mrs. Hopwood by dedicating our book to them, and we wish to share this with some representative members of the Alumni. From a number of letters that have come to us we have chosen the following extracts which are a fair and unexaggerated representation of the sentiment which prevails among those who have been fortunate enough to have been under the tuition of these venerable leaders of educational and religious reform.

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids." Brother and Sister Hopwood have erected for themselves a monument more enduring than brass. They have called before them young men and women and stamped upon them noble ideals and sent them forth as world builders. Few have made a greater contribution to the world—a college, a name, an influence, and greatest of all—a life.

LOUIS D. RIDDELL, Minister.

It was in the fall of 1885 that I first met Prof. and Mrs. Hopwood, and during the intervening thirty-three years they have played a conspicuous part in my life.

Prof. Hopwood baptized me and ordained me to the ministry. But this is not all. His robust faith, firmness of purpose, and persistent efforts to advance righteousness have been to me a constant source of inspiration. His has been a man's task, and he has faithfully performed it. Only eternity will reveal the great work he has accomplished.

And as to Mrs. Hopwood—all who have sat in her classes and listened to her pure English, been impressed by her reserve and symmetry of character, and have had photographed on their minds her optimistic countenance will ever bow, in their hearts, to her as to a queen.

The bells of heaven rang loud and long when, just after the Civil War, the young man and his wife—having consecrated their lives to a great cause—located on the banks of the Buffalo and dedicated that beautiful hill to the Lord. Joy in heaven then? Of course there was! Celestial eyes looked down through the ages and beheld the ever cumulative work then inaugurated.

Already, Prof. and Mrs. Hopwood are living in hundreds of places; they are active in pulpit and pew, in school-room, in literature, in business, in the professions, on the farm—everywhere a man or woman they have made is helping elevate the world. God bless them and their spiritual children.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

April 19, 1917.

GEO. P. RUTLEDGE,

Editor Christian Standard.

March 23, 1917.

Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Hopwood lead when it comes to sacrifice and service, without hope of reward or fear of punishment. They have the admiration, respect, and love of a host who have sat under their tuition. "The Buffalo" honors them, and they bring credit and distinction to "The Buffalo."

MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. TATE, Educators.



The Buffalo

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Foreword

WE, "The Buffalo" Staff, feel that your Annual is not entirely what it should be, but we have tried to mix the sedate and frivolous in hopes that you may enjoy it. If in after years, pleasant memories are refreshed, dear places re-inhabited and loved faces recalled by its pages, we shall feel amply repaid for any effort it may have cost us, and shall count our labors a pleasure and a privilege.



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THE · B U F F A L O



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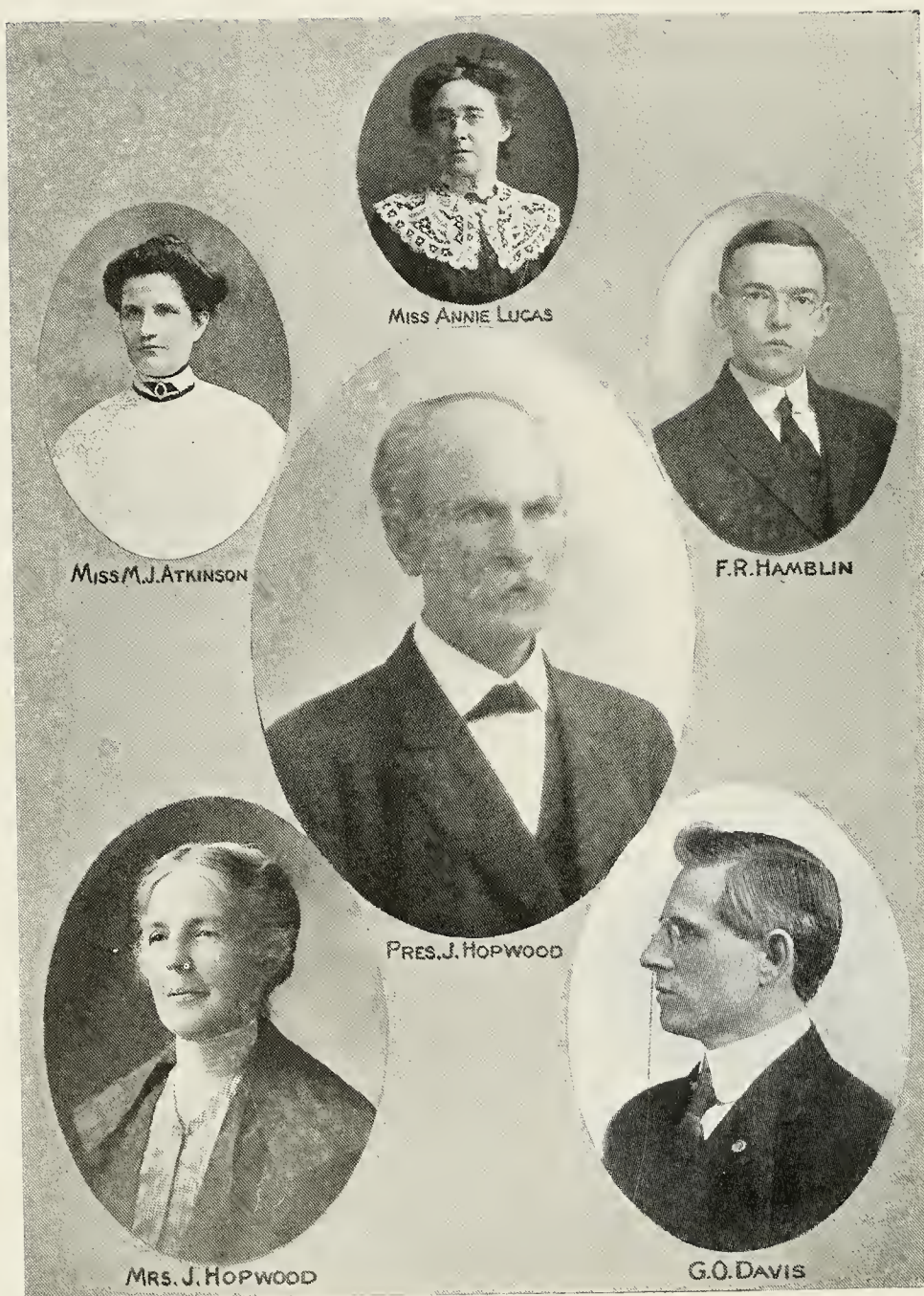
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FACULTY



FACULTY



"A FIT PLACE FOR MUSING MEN"



THE BUFFALO



Milligan College

RESTING upon the crest of one of East Tennessee's matchless hills—long since made classic by association as well as beautiful by the hand of diligence—is to be observed the physical plant of MILLIGAN COLLEGE. Around the foot of this "Classic Hill" twines the course of the purling "Buffalo Creek," whose gurgling waters gleam in the spring sun and coquettishly dance defiance to youth and age as they hasten for two short miles through shade and shadow to the historic Watauga. And over it all stands the stately "Buffalo Mountain" like a sentinel of the frontier doing duty for his King. These and many other rich and inspiring phenomena of nature are but fitting symbols of life on "The Hill"—Young and vigorous care-free and happy youth—guided, guarded, and led by patriotic and Godly men, pointing ever to the best idealism and the noblest and truest human achievements.

For an even Half Century what is now MILLIGAN COLLEGE has been battling and growing. Every tree upon the campus is eloquent with a story of love and romance to those who can read; every spot for miles around is rich in historic lore; as you walk in any direction the voices of tradition are eloquent reciting for you deeds of chivalry and valor associated with the early history of Tennessee; your guide points "Boone's Trail," and locates for you the famous "Boone's Tree;" you are carried to "Watauga River," shown the "Sycamore Shoals," and made to stand in the shadow of the monument to the "men who fought the battle of King's Mountain." You are told of the Carters, the Haynes, the Taylors, of John Sevier, as well as of "Bonnie Kate Sherrill;" you are carried into the very heart of the beautiful "Happy Valley," rendered immortal by the lamented Senator Robert L. Taylor; you at once build "Castles in the Air," see "Visions and Dreams," hear the "Fiddle and the Bow," and emerge through the "Paradise of Fools." There has been a renaissance in your life. The Taylors have had a most intimate and vital connection with MILLIGAN COLLEGE from its incipency, and Col. A. A. Taylor maintains a "College Home" under the shadow of MILLIGAN that he may educate his children in his own "Alma Mater."

It is doubtful if there is a College in the land a greater percentage of whose students have been a real contribution to society in the service of God and country. MILLIGAN COLLEGE has been a pioneer in moral reforms and has stood unflinchingly for the highest Christian Idealism.

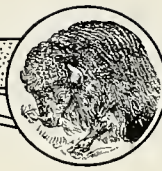
The destinies of the College have been directed by a succession of consecrated Christian men and women, the influence of whose labors and sacrifices can scarcely be measured.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE is this hour entering upon a larger and richer program. With a new and vigorous administration, with an inspiring optimism now evident among "MILLIGAN MEN" everywhere; with a reconsecration to the cause of deeper and more vital types of Educational "Preparedness," looking to the development of leaders for the world's thought and action.

"The Buffalo" can but bespeak for the coming years a Greater MILLIGAN COLLEGE.



THE BUFFALO



TO
MISS ANNIE LEE LUCAS
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION OF HER
KINDLY INTEREST IN THE ENTIRE SCHOOL, AND
OF HER INVALUABLE AID IN ITS ENTERPRISES,
WE, THE STUDENT BODY, AFFECTION-
ATELY DEDICATE THIS PAGE

Senior
Class
1917





The Journeyings of the Seniors From the Land of Ignorance to the Land of Wisdom



AMBITION spake unto the Seniors who were dwelling in the land of Ignorance, saying: "I will bring you out from under the burdens of ignorance and I will rid you of its bondage. Follow me and I will lead you unto the land of Wisdom, a land flowing with Greek and Latin." And it came to pass the self-same day they started on the Journey across the Wilderness which separated these lands one from the other. And they were four years in the wilderness.

And they took their Journey from home and all the congregation of Seniors came unto Milligan College in Tennessee. Joy was in the hearts of all when Mt. Buffalo appeared. But it came to pass that there were many giants in the land. These giants were Ancient Language, Math, Science, Modern Language and many others.

Harry, the son of Garrett, a mighty man of valour, was chosen head to lead against the enemy—German, one of the most mighty giants in all the land, was slain by Nell, daughter of Campbell. Math was put to death by Martha, daughter of Spencer, and Keith, daughter of Forde.

Some began to murmur and to say: "Why, I beseech you, must we meet such mighty foes, and what is this land to which we are going? Let us send spies before us into the land to see if it be good. Pierce, son of Blackwell; Annie, Daughter of Lucas; and Margaret, daughter of Godbey, went before them into the land of Wisdom. And behold! when they returned, they brought with them such bunches of knowledge that all cried with a loud voice: "Let us hasten, I pray, into this land." But as they journeyed, one Senior said: "Let me return, I beseech you, to the land of Texas and extract the lactiferous fluid from my bovine." There was heard great lamentation in the camp.

Now, Josephus, their leader and guide, went up into Mt. Buffalo to receive inspiration. The eve of that same day when he came back into their midst, Lo, the women of the congregation had turned aside from the path of righteousness, and were out on the campus worshipping calves. And it came to pass, that on the morrow, Josephus called all the congregation together in one place, and said unto them: "Lo, ye shall not steal postage stamps, neither shall ye swipe electric light globes." In all



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the congregation of Seniors there shall no cigarettes be found, neither shall ye chew the great ugly weed, called Tobacco. Hear my words and hearken unto my voice or I shall not permit you to enter this land of wisdom.

Now, as they journeyed, behold, they had oatmeal and cornflakes for breakfast, and rice and beans for supper. Some murmured, saying: "Why hast thou brought us into the land of Wilderness to perish of hunger? Our souls long for fried chicken and pies like Mother makes." Because of these murmurings, many were pierced with the poisonous darts from Cupid's bow. Matrimony was lifted up in their midst by Thomas, son of Allgood, and as many as beheld thereon, were healed. But in these days, some were stubborn and would not be healed. Some went all the way, even unto the end of the way, with these poisonous arrows in their hearts. Among the stiff-necked and unruly was Russell, surnamed Clark; Lamar, nicknamed Sloppy, and Howard, the Molly. And also a fair damsel whose name was Laura Mary.

In the midst of the Wilderness, lo, there appeared a great sea, the name of which was Zip; and when they beheld, they all cried: "How shall we get by this?" Harry, the brave commander, said: "Let us consume it." Now there was one Carsie, who was ever first to obey his command. This same Carsie took a timbrel in her hand, and sang: "Let us consume it." All the camp followed after her singing with a joyful voice: "Let us consume it." And it came to pass that they armed themselves with bread and butterine, and immediately the sea before them disappeared, and they walked across on dry land.

In those days there arose a great prophetess in the land, whose name was Sarah. And it came to pass that Sarah called unto her all the congregation of Seniors, and spake unto them saying: "Behold ye cannot have any special privileges, or your entrance to that land toward which you are now journeying will be delayed. Neither shall Frank of Alamo take my girlies to walk in the moonlight.

Behold, one among you, whose nickname is "Pete," who wasteth no time in courting. Lo, how the giants in the land flee before his mighty strength.

And it came to pass in the last days of the journey, that the land toward which they were going, came into view. Immediately, the musicians of the congregation who were these: Addie, Keith, Whillametta and Harry, began to make joyful sounds on the piano and to sing with a loud voice. All followed after making joyful speeches. So it came to pass on the fifth day of the sixth month, of the fourth year of their journeyings, they entered into the land of Wisdom with mighty shouts of victory.

Joseph, nicknamed Pokey, son of Keebler:
Recorder of deeds done by Seniors during
the Journey.



THE BUFFALO



THOMAS WATSON ALLGOOD, A. B.

Loganville, Ga.

Johnson Academy, 1912; Intercollegiate Prohibition Association; Editor Ministerial Association; Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society; The Kershner Quartette.

Long before he commenced wriggling around on our planet a Poet-Prophet admirably described him as follows:

"A solemn youth with sober phiz,

Who eats his grub and minds his biz."

Whether our subject early spied this taking horoscope and proceeded to fill it out we cannot say, but a worse one might have been followed. Be that as it may he has left no stone unplied by which to climb to the top, for he has the study habit and is a "jiner," belonging to many organizations of the college. It is not clear whether his college honors have been "achieved" or "thrust upon him." As familiar "Tom Watson" he hails from the red old hills of Georgia, the land of the watermelon and the peach, and he brought one of the fairest of the latter with him. He is the only "benedict" of the class, but others seem to be ripening. When first his face is seen he is taken to be "all" his name says—"good," and his "peach" still insists he is good enough to eat.



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WHILLAMETTA BAILEY, GRADUATE IN VOICE

Milligan, Tenn.

Fair Miss Whillametta "whiles" away many happy hours at the piano; and not having "metta" fellow whose voice is as sweet as her own she very softly sings to herself:

Rock-a-by, lulla-by, go by or stop,
Life's cream is rising, and rests at the top.

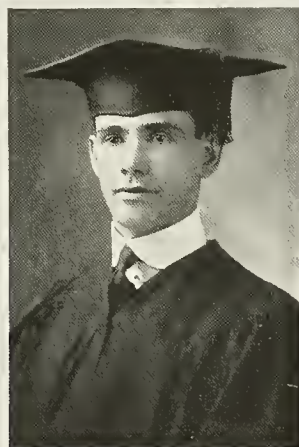
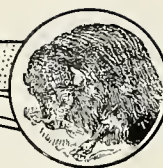
This, her favorite song, would indicate that she is very studious and that she will reach the top in time, but the study habit does not yet so possess her as to prevent her looking after her looks.

It is said that a certain genial dry goods merchant here in town, in business on the corner of Bailey and Auto-perii avenues, is greatly in love with Whillametta, but another will likely get her away from him in time, and it will cost this lover something besides losing his lass. "Ah me!"

*"All that was ever joyous, clear and fresh
Thy music doth surpass."*



THE BUFFALO



WILLIAM PIERCE BLACKWELL, PH. B.

West Graham, Va.

Salutatorian, Class 1917; Ministerial Degree, 1916; Business Manager Buffalo, 1917; President I. P. A., 1916-17; President Kershner Literary Society, 1916-17; Secretary Ministerial Association, 1917; Member of Kershner Quartette, 1915-16, 1917; Virginia Club.

William Pierce Blackwell is the embodiment of W. P. B.—worth, pluck, and business. He makes a brilliant speech on the spur of the moment on a subject he knows nothing about, and if talking against his convictions he reveals the fact by unusual emphasis and a twinkle of the left eye (using the right eye for sincerity). It must have been a wink of that left eye that hoodwinked the Faculty into giving him a chance among the few to scatter oratory at Commencement.

As a lawyer he would excel in perplexing the jury, and as a Christian Science advocate he would hypnotically cure you; but as he is a preacher of true instinct and of much promise, he curbs all centrifugal tendencies.

Mr. Blackwell has remarkable versatility. He thinks in Greek, sings in Chinese, smiles in Irish, laughs in Dutch, talks mostly in United States and snores only after midnight.

He is twice graduated with first ranks as to the intellect, but is only this year a sub-freshman in the school of the heart. Very rapid progress in the latter is indicated, however, since the mating season of the birds of passage has arrived, and Pegasus has signally come to his aid in giving vent to the long pent-up emotions.

Here is a specimen, one of his very latest:

"From Milligan I'm going forth,
It may be south, it may be north:
Whichever way my coy bird flies,
And lighting place, this watcher spies."

*"First in the council hall to steer the state
And ever foremost in a tongue debate."*



LAURA MAY BORING, GRADUATE IN EXPRESSION

President Sophomore Class, 1915-16; Winner O. M. Fair Oratorical Contest 1916; Ossolian Literary Society; Roof-garden club.

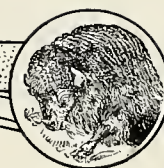
"Little-un" is one of those precious jewels which proverbially come in small packages. On microscopic examination, this little package is found to contain all those qualities which go to make up a womanly little woman, a mischievous little girl, and altogether a lovable piece of humanity. This small jewel shines in more ways than one, but expression is where she shines best. She is very fond of beautiful scenery, and often takes "Peeps" about over the beautiful campus.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."*





THE · B U F F A L O



CARSIE MAE BOWERS, B. S.

Elizabethton, Tenn.

Vice-President Senior Class; President
Ossolian Literary Society 1916; I. P. A.;
Racket Raisers' Tennis Club.

Down in Happy Valley, on the banks
of the Watauga, stands a monument erected
in honor of the King's Mountain Boys. This
beautiful valley widens up past Sycamore
Shoals, then the old Taylor farm, into a fine
farming section. It is from the very heart of
this section that Miss Bowers comes to us. To
be sure any one coming from such a beautiful
country could not help but be a fond lover of
nature, and it is this love of nature that one
first notices when in company with Miss
Bowers. She not only finds "tongues in trees,
books in running brooks, and sermons in
stones," but she revels in the arrangement of
all nature, her hair and her home. Her interest
always goes to the top, and thus we often find
her in company with the "Garrett." Miss
Bowers has dark brown hair and eyes to match,
with the proper expression to make one willing
to fight for his country, his home and the one
he loves.

*"Her voice was soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*





THE BUFFALO



NELL CAMPBELL, PH. B.

Florence, Ala.

Class Giftorian; Pres. Ossolian Society 1916; Pres. Junior Class 1915-16; I. P. A.; Captain Girls' Basket Ball Team 1915-16-17; Roof Garden Club; Milligan Orchestra; Girls' Glee Club; Social Editor of The Buffalo 1915-16; Assistant Literary Editor of The Buffalo 1916-17.

Ah, Nell! Those innocent blue eyes, with the angelic expression, have done noble work in "getting by" some rough places on the road. Nell is loved by all because of her cute, bad, little ways and sweet disposition. She is on the sunny side all the time. Even the loss of her best beau did not faze her. Like a wise little Campbell she got a hump on herself and found another. German is her hobby.

*"She's not a goddess, an angel, a lily or a pearl
She's just that which is sweetest, completest
and neatest—*

A dear little, queer little, sweet little girl."





THE BUFFALO



RUSSELL, BOONE CLARK, A. B.

Boone's Creek, Tennessee.

Adelphian Literary Society 1912; V. President Frederick D. Kershner Society 1914; Critic American Literary Society 1916-17; Owl Club 1914; Member Athletic Association 1913-14-15-16-17; Basket Ball Guard; Baseball; Varsity Team.

Seven years ago there came to dear old Milligan, a little freckle-faced boy in knickerbockers. Russell, more commonly known as "Rastus," was much loved by the ladies, but of late years the tables have turned and Rastus is loving the ladies. An ardent lover of athletics of all kinds, he never is more happy than when in ball clothes or whistling a tune of some kind. A good student, and one to be depended on in case of need, we will one day hear of him as a doctor of medicine of no mean ability.

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt
And every grin so merry draws one out."*



THE BUFFALO



FRANK BOND FARROW, B. S.

Alamo, Tennessee.

Advertising Editor of THE BUFFALO; Writer of Class Will; Pres. American Literary Society 1915-16; Secretary American Literary Society 1915-1917; Treas. and Sec'y 1917; Pres. Champions' Tennis Club 1915-16; Pres. Ministerial Association 1917; V. Pres. Cross Sextette; Assistant Scout Master 1917; Coach Girls' Basket Ball Team 1915-16-17; Coach Varsity Basket Ball Team 1915; Member Varsity Basket Ball Team 1916-17; Varsity Baseball Team 1915-17; Midnight Club; I. P. A.

Frank is rarely seen about the campus. He has two haunts: Johnson City and the Athletic Field. He believes that to be a well-rounded College student, one must identify himself with all college activities and he lives up to his beliefs. Whenever there's "Something doing" there you'll find Frank—athletics, oratorical contests, theatricals—and once in a while studying a little; although he thinks lectures and exams are necessary evils that should receive as little attention as possible. If he doesn't go on the stage, or to South America as a missionary, or become an aviator for "Uncle Sam," he is likely to preach or teach the mountaineers, or maybe he will establish a "Matrimonial Bureau."

*"He has a head to contrive; a tongue to persuade;
and a hand to execute."*



THE - BUFFALO



ALICE KEITH FORDE, PH. B., DIPLOMA IN VOICE

Cookeville, Tennessee

Class Orator; Class Prophet 1916-17; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of *BUFFALO* 1917; President of Ellen Wilson Literary Society 1916; Girls' Glee Club 1916-17; Roof Garden Club; Racket Raisers' Tennis Club.

Whenever one sees a girl that looks as if she had just stepped out of Vogue, they may know that it is Alice Keith or "Joe," as she is commonly called—although on first acquaintance she appears very dignified, but behind the veil of dignity is found one of the sweetest dispositions that ever found lodgment in a human body. With all her accomplishments, she is just a wee bit fickle. "Joe" sings like a night-in-gale—is very busy, especially with Math., and her only recreation is to keep her Ford in running condition. Her hobbies are—Larry and Dewey.

*"To hear her sing—to hear her sing—
It is to hear the birds of spring
In dewy groves on blooming sprays,
Pour out their blithest roundelays."*



THE - B U F F A L O



HARRY LEE GARRETT, B. S.

Rose Hill, Va.

Class Valedictorian.

President of Class 1917; he has held the round of offices of the American Society from Janitor to the President; Assistant Advertising Manager of THE BUFFALO; Charter Member Midnight Club; Organizer Cross Sextette; Loyal Virginian; Varsity Baseball Pitcher; I. P. A.; Good with Guitar, but better with the Banjo.

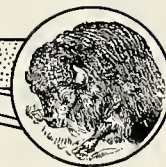
In the fall of 1913, one afternoon, just as the sun was stooping to kiss the peaks of Buffalo good-night, Prof. Logan Garrett was seen coming across the campus with a young man. This young man was soon introduced to the boys as Harry Lee Garrett. Young Mr. Garrett seemed rather diffident. He had a slow handshake, big, brown, dreamy eyes and a broad smile that fades into an expression which makes one desirous of his presence—(especially the young ladies). He soon proved his aptness as a student, his profoundness as a thinker, and his perfect qualities as a friend.

"He is gentle, he is shy.

But there is mischief in his eye."



THE BUFFALO



MARY MARGARET GODBEY, A. B.

Hiwassee, Virginia.

Editor-in-Chief of THE BUFFALO; Editor
Virginia Club; Assistant in Mathematics.

A daughter of old Virginia is she
And proud of her state as she well might
be.
Naturally bright and not a grind,
A better informed lady would be hard to
find.

She loves all nature, and most small boys,
And makes bushels of candy to add to
their joys.
Things not progressive get on her nerve,
And if duty calls, her country she'll serve.

"A woman's hair is her crowning glory;"
This applied to Margaret is indeed a true
story.

This crown of auburn hair is the envy of all,
Her figure is slender and graceful and tall.

"Sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish;
I give my heart and hand to this—" BUFFALO.



THE BUFFALO



JOSEPH GRESHAM KEEBLER, B. S.

President American Literary Society; Tennis Club; Little Four; Jonesboro Club; Assistant Art Editor; P. S. S. P.; Dramatic Club; I. P. A.

We do not call him "Pokie" because he is slow.

That he is anything else than that, all of us know.

A ladies' man and the most dashing of sports,

Popularity and girls are the things he most courts.

He carries with him an air of refinement, Red hair and good brains are his special consignment.

He is of a philosophical turn of mind, And reads everything written along that line.

Of knowledge he has a wonderful store And talks on interesting subjects galore. His taste in dress is always the best, E'en in flannel shirts he looks well dressed.

"His hair is not more sunny than his heart,"



MISS ANNIE LEE LUCAS, A. B.

East Radford, Virginia.

Literary Editor of *THE BUFFALO*; President of Virginia Club; Assistant in English Department.

"Gentle Annie" is a favorite with everybody at Milligan. She knows just what efficiency means, and practices it in three capacities: As student, teacher, and associate. She is winning an A. B. by walking erect thru the year's work, which includes several hard things—and German. (She may become a missionary among the heathen after the war, and needs to know their language). If you wish at any time to know where Annie is, go to the place where she ought to be that hour, and you will find her.

*"True to herself,
True to her friends,
True to her duty, always."*





THE BUFFALO



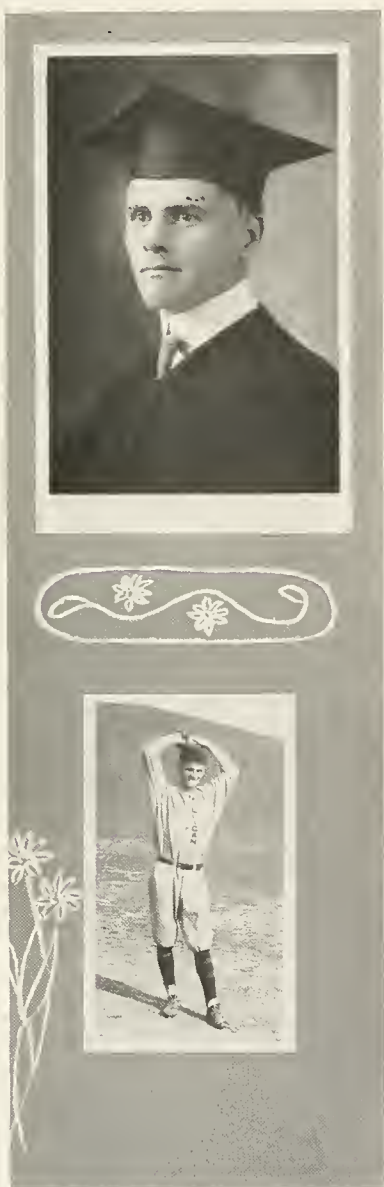
FELIX LAMAR PEEBLES, B. S.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

President American Literary Society 1917; Secretary Senior Class 1917; Manager and Captain Baseball Team 1917; Captain Baseball Team 1916; Sec'y American Literary Society 1917; Athletic Editor of THE BUFFALO 1917; "Little" Four.

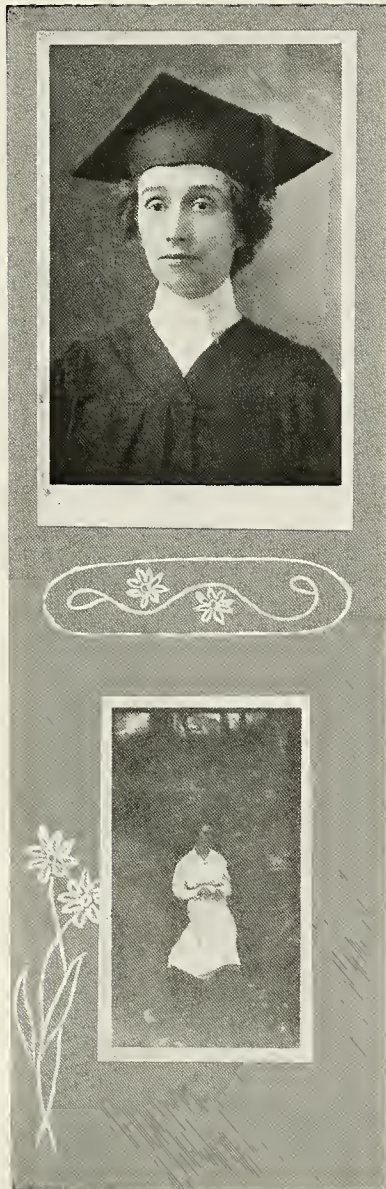
"Peeps'" genial smile and good disposition make him a favorite with both Faculty and students—as to his general appearance, there is little (?) to be said, only on state occasions, then he is real handsome. He is exceptionally good in Math., and is a famous baseball pitcher—his dearest treasures are his left arm and his guitar. Peeps' greatest ambition is to be a pitcher in one of the largest leagues, or to become an agriculturist down in Middle Tennessee: unless before he accomplishes his desires he becomes a servant of "Uncle Sam."

*"I'll be merry and free;
I'll be sad for nobody."*





THE · B U F F A L O



DELIA BURCHFIELD SHIPLEY, B. S.

Milligan College, Tennessee.

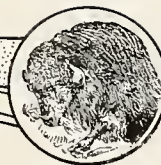
President of Ossolian Literary Society
1908; Secretary Ossolian Literary Society
1909.

Mrs. Shipley thought several years ago that she would rather work for Uncle Sam than to try to teach young ideas how to shoot. However, when she heard the mighty stirrings of the Class of Seventeen, she changed her mind again, and went to work for the two tickets which would entitle her to a reserved seat on the platform with this distinguished body at commencement.

*"Thus do I steer my bark and sail
On even keel, with gentle gale."*



THE · B U F F A L O



MARTHA FELTON SPENCER, PH. B.

Class Poet.

Boston, Mass.

Secretary Class 1916; Hikers' Club 1916; Treas. Ellen Wilson Literary Society 1916; State Treas. and College Reporter I. P. A.; President and Censor Ossolian Literary Society 1917; Racket Raisers' Tennis Club 1917; Art Editor and Stenographer Annual; Girls' Glee Club 1917; Mgr. Girls' B. B. Team 1917.

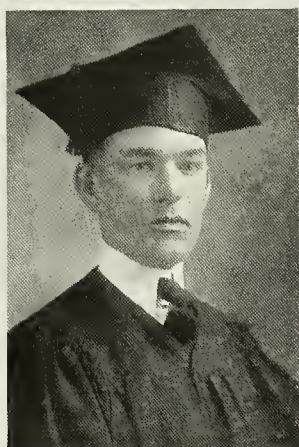
Although she comes to us from Memphis, Martha still forgets, sometimes, and tells you she hails from Boston—her early years were spent near the "Hub," and we doubt not that the far-famed literary atmosphere of her childhood home has been, in some way, responsible for the splendid record she has made in all of her class work since entering College. If there's a single thing "Dear old Martha" can't do about the College, we'd like to be told what is—from performing on the typewriter to delivering soul-stirring orations. Martha came to us with her mind made up to go out as a missionary, but we shouldn't wonder if Dan Cupid had played havoc with her plans.

*"She's erratic, impulsive, and humorous;
She blunders—as goddesses can."*





THE BUFFALO



ALBERT ANDREW TRUSLER, B. S.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

Manager Basket Ball Team 1917; Vice-President American Literary Society; Hendrix Club; Jonesboro Club; Tennis Club; "Little" Four; P. S. S. P.

How much cud could Pete chew if Pete could chew cud? (Get some girl to solve this.)

Next to this pastime he likes to dress up in the very latest style, with the most alluring handkerchiefs, to match. His willowy, long figure flits here and there with never even a condescending look at a girl unless she has some Trig. or Analytic all nicely solved for him.

*"The glass of fashion, the mould of form,
The observed of all observers*



THE · B U F F A L O



CHARLES HOWARD TRUSLER, B. S.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

Member American Literary Society; Milligan Orchestra; Tennis Club; Jonesboro Club; Hendrix Club; Little Four.

"Mollie" is a favorite with all. With the boys because he plays such perfectly thrilling ragtime for them to dance (?) by. The girls adore him because he can also play sentimental music while they make beautiful dreams of Loveland. The boys call him "Tubby," because he is slightly corpulent, but this name is hardly appropriate as he is also long. His favorite pastime is hunting animals, and his favorite animal is the "Campbell."

*"What matter if he is big,
His heart is bigger yet."*

THE BUFFALO



MISS ADDIE WADE, GRADUATE IN MUSIC

Memphis, Tenn.

Peter is an artist from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. Her artistic soul expresses itself in fashioning graceful and stylish garments, coaxing harmony from the piano and—painting. Young man, if your heart has not been bombarded don't encounter Addie until it has been well fortified, because the necessary credentials of like warfare are hers. Two brown eyes and wispy brown locks are the most dangerous of the battery. She is always working on beautiful things for her hope chest. The prospective bridegroom changes from time to time, but the good work continues.

*"Compel me not to toe the mark,
Be ever prim and true;
But rather let me do those things
That I ought not to do."*



THE BUFFALO



HARRY CRAIG WELLS, GRADUATE IN MUSIC

Cornelia, Ga.

Intercollegiate Prohibition Association;
Fred. D. Kershner Literary Society; Kersh-
ner Quartette.

Harry is our future Paderewski; by the touch of his fingers on the piano he is able to awake sleeping harmonies and to call forth sounds that have charms to soothe the savage breast. He can calm the troubled mind with the sweetest melodies of composers from Liszt to Chopin and then arouse the echoes with the bugles and the cannon of Manassas. Nor does he confine himself to the ordinary means at the disposal of musicians, for Harry is a lover of originality. Whenever his eight fingers and two thumbs happen to be otherwise engaged he employs his olfactory organ to strike the necessary note. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Harry is a musician only. With his exquisite aesthetic taste and his appreciation of beauty and learning he combines the reasoning powers of a master logician.

Harry believes in regularity of habits. Every afternoon at four o'clock, rain or shine, he walks a quarter of a mile down the creek, just so far and no farther. But it would be a mistake to suppose that it is only for exercise. It is rather because he has so keen an appreciation of these Vernal days.

*"Known to few, but prized as far as
known."*



Senior Statistics

Most Popular—Nell Campbell
Best Allround—Martha Spencer
Most Affectionate—Russell Clark
Most Indifferent—Pete Trusler
Most Contented—Harry Garrett
Most Talented—Annie Lucas
Wittiest—Joseph Keebler
Most Stylish—Keith Ford and Pete Wade
Slangiest—Harry Wells
Best Athlete—Lamar Peebles
Most Conscientious—Pierce Blackwell
Most Intellectual—Margaret Godbey
Prettiest—Carsie Bowers
Most Spoilt—Keith Ford
Most Independent—Joseph Keebler
Sportiest—Pete Trusler
Most Original—Annie Lucas
Most Modest—Thomas Allgood
Best Musician—Howard Trusler
Biggest Flirt—Frank Farrow
Biggest Talker—Martha Spencer
Most Dignified—Margaret Godbey
Best Singer—Whillametta Bailey
Most Fickle—Addie Wade
Best Natured—Lamar Peebles
Hardest Worker—Whillametta Bailey
Most Mischievous—Nell Campbell and Pete Trusler
Most Airy—Laura Mary Boring
Most Sarcastic—Frank Farrow



Senior Class Poem

Companions, dear, in our high pursuit,
We soon will leave with the gathered fruit
Of our toil that has had its daily joy
In conscious, earnest, high employ:
Out in the world 'neath heaven's vast dome
We go to find our work and home;
To shape our lives by clear duty's call
And give the aid that we owe to all.

To cheer the friendless as Christ would do
Is the service God may have given you;
To contend for the right may in your path lie
Or to help the poor that they may not die.
It may be that God has given to you
The power to preach His gospel true,
To guide a dear friend who has lost his sight
Or to start the fallen again in the right.

Together we ask the Father above
To guide and keep us in Faith and Love.
And, Classmates, dear, as now we part
May this prayer rise from every heart:
"We thank Thee each succeeding day
For the blessings Thou hast sent our way."
As we leave these halls in the world to dwell
There comes from each a fond, Farewell.

M. F. S.



THE BUFFALO



Class Prophecy

MY! How time flies! This is June 5th, 1925. Eight years this morning since the class of 1917 received their diplomas at dear old Milligan and where are we now? Scattered everywhere, almost.

So many of the boys and girls are married, some are teaching and the others have various professions. But for me, after having taught four years and having become resigned to become an "Old Maid," there is nothing so refreshing as to hear of the varied experiences of my class-mates.

College memories flood my mind this morning since I have just received four letters from girls who graduated with me. There may be things in these letters of interest to you. Let us read them together.

The first is from Nell. Dear old blarney Nell. She lives on a farm near Jonesboro. None of us could have imagined this for Nell. But for the letter: Dearest "Jenks:"

You girls used to think my idea of "raising hogs" was nothing more than a joke, but it has become a stern reality. I am living on a large farm near Jonesboro and "Molly" and I are supremely happy. No one ever thought of "Molly's" turning his attention to farming, but on account of his "declining health and alarming decrease in weight" we were forced to move to the country.

I know you are always interested in the boys of our class. You should see my distinguished brother-in-law, the Hon. Albert Trusler. You no doubt know of his being in Congress and that he is becoming quite prominent in national affairs. His real talent was not discovered until after he left Milligan, and we think it marvelous that he has made such rapid strides in the political world. He is still unmarried, but it is rumored in Washington's social circle that he is paying his attention to the beautiful widow Hamblin, wife of J. R. Hamblin, our late Minister to France.

"Molly" has just come in and tells me that "Pokie" is home on a vacation. Poor old "Pokie!" After graduating from Johns Hopkins he went to New York and has made quite a success in the medical profession. But "Jenks," he doesn't seem like the old "Pokie" we used to know; he surely has changed. You know he has never married, and I really believe he is still in love with George Perry. I have heard that he is thinking of giving up his profession and of going to California to invest in an orange grove. This reminds me, "Jenks," that you, too, have never married, and we often wonder why you did not get enough of the Milligan spirit to fall in love. I used to think that I would be content to read "Dutch" the rest of my life, but now I know that nothing would be worth while without "Molly."

Well, dear, my household duties are calling me and I must bring my letter to a close. Write me real soon and tell me all about your dear good self.

Affectionately,

NELL CAMPBELL TRUSLER.

Mountain View Farm.

My next letter bears a foreign postmark and comes from South America. It's no doubt from "Missionary Martha," whom you all know intended casting her lot in some foreign field.



THE · B U F F A L O



Lima, Peru, S. A.

No. 22 Sixth St.

"Joe" Dear:

Doesn't it seem ages since we were together, and so many things have happened since we left school. I wonder where all of our old Milligan friends are. I only hear occasionally from some of them.

Russell and I were married soon after he received his M. D. from Vanderbilt University. After a few days with our loved ones at Russell's old home we left for San Francisco. From there we sailed for South America, where we entered the mission work. I am very much interested in the work and Russell tries to be for my sake.

We were in San Francisco almost a week and enjoyed our visit so much. Whom do you suppose we saw while there? No more nor less than Frank Farrow. He is posing for the "movies" and making his home with Rev. and Mrs. Paul Green. Mrs. Green was formerly Miss Annie Lucas. Isn't it queer how love affairs that originate at Milligan so often prove serious? Frank told us that Mrs. Green took such an interest in church work and was a great help to her husband.

Well, "Joe," I am to attend a committee meeting at the new Hospital which Russell has just established, so must say good bye.

Write me in care of Dr. R. B. Clark, Lima, Peru, S. A.

Yours sincerely,

MARTHA SPENCER CLARK.

Now here is one from Laura Mary, who is traveling with her husband. "Little 'un" always liked to travel and I am sure she will have interesting things to tell us.

Boston, Mass., June 1, 1925.

Dear:

I have fully intended writing you for ages, but you perhaps know that "Peeps" is now playing ball with the National League and we are never in one place very long. I find this life very interesting but so strenuous that it sometimes taxes my nerves.

In our travels we have met quite a few of our old Milligan friends, so after all the world is not so large.

Last evening "Peeps" and I went to a splendid concert given by The Bailey Quartett and to our great surprise we found Whillametta Bailey was directress. We were so glad to see her and to learn of her success in concert work.

Another surprise we had: While in New York we found Harry Wells, who was preparing to go to Germany. You know since the war there is a great demand for American artists in Europe, and Harry has accepted a position in a Berlin school of music. He surely looks the part of a German Prof. His hair is longer than ever and he could easily be taken for the "Shade" of Liszt or Beethoven.

"Joe," do you ever hear from "Pete" Wade? I had a letter from her not long ago. She is still in Memphis, but instead of being a "movie" actress she has a splendid dress-making establishment, and goes to Paris every year for her designs. She has never married, and has become a perfect man-hater. I don't know whether she was disappointed in love or just grew tired of the entire male sex; anyway, she has developed into a very charming and capable woman.

Lamar and I leave tomorrow for Philadelphia, so you may address us there.

As ever,

LAURA MARY.

My next and last letter is from Carsie Bowers Garrett:



Milligan College,

June 1, 1925.

Dear Keith:

Commencement is just over and we have had a very successful year. Harry has been President of Milligan for the past two years and will remain here next year. We have had a splendid faculty. Some of the teachers were Seniors in our class. Prof. Byrl White is occupying the chair of Education; Mrs. Shipley is our Dean in Hardin Hall and you can't imagine what an excellent one she makes, but I can't keep from sympathizing with the girls. You know how we used to dread Mrs. Hopwood's "girls' meeting?" Well, they were nothing to compare with Mrs. Shipley's demerit system. Another thing that is different from what it used to be, Harry does not allow social privilege but once a month. I think it absolute foolishness, but I guess he thinks he will profit by his experience.

I wish you could have been here this past week. Milligan never looked so pretty before in all of its existence. As Mr. Hopwood used to say, "it stamped a picture on my mind which cannot be erased in twenty years." The new Administration Building stands where Mee Hall used to be and is a beautiful building. Just opposite Hardin Hall there is a new Library and Gymnasium. The old college building is called "Hopwood Memorial Hall" and makes a splendid home for our boys. Harry and I live in the President's Cottage.

You know I guess that Mr. Algood is pastor of one of our leading churches in Atlanta, Ga. We were so glad to have him deliver our Baccalaureate sermon this year. Speaking of ministers reminds me of poor Mr. Blackwell. He has been in a sanitarium for a number of years and it is rumored that he has a physical breakdown. You know how hard he worked on the Annual. That was the cause of his illness. The poor fellow has my sympathy.

I must not close this lengthy letter without telling you something of Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood. They have the dearest little cottage over on Hopwood Hill, and they are educating three boys here. Isn't that just like them?

You must come to see us some time and we will enjoy talking over our many pleasant experiences here at Milligan. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am yours lovingly,

CARSIE BOWERS GARRETT.

It is always a pleasure to receive letters from the members of the class of 1917, and I often wonder how well we are living up to the ideals of Christian Service and Character Building for which old Milligan stood, and about which we heard so much in morning class. But I have no time for reminiscence, for on my desk lies a splendid article written by Margaret Godby, who has achieved distinction for her short stories and magazine articles. Margaret was a graduate of 1917 class and gave evidence of unusual ability.

Well, there goes the bell and my class will be waiting for me.



THE BUFFALO



Our Class Philosophy

Life's Sweetest Things.

The sweetest things in this life we live
Are the cheer we shed and the joys we give;
And fresh hope springs for the days' supply
Of force for the toils of each passer-by.

~~For the sweetest things in this life we live~~
It is sweet to give from a fount God-filled,
And the outflow spaces for larger joy
That enters in with no lingering pace
With its gladdening touch of the heavenly grace.

The joy-talent used is the one augments
And gains by the law of increments
Divinely poised, from the one to ten,
By gradations found in the lives of men.

Thus earth and heaven are not far apart
As they seemed before this touch of the heart;
And the black, uncanny birds of despair
Take flight at once from such sunny air.

"BETA."



Senior Class Will

WE, the class of nineteen and seventeen, being about to leave this sphere, in full possession of a sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

First, we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the Faculty, assisted by such ones of the village folk as have deemed it their bounden duty and undeniable right to maintain a strict oversight of all our actions while in college. As to such estates as the fates have been pleased to bestow upon us, and we, by our brain and brawn and any other means whatsoever, have been able to acquire, we do now and herein dispose of the same as follows:

Item 1: To the Junior Class, we will and bequeath them our exalted position in the college, provided, said class assumes the modesty and dignity becoming to the Lords of the Hill.

Item 2: To the Class of Eighteen we also bequeath the three front rows in chapel, on condition that they listen calmly and interestedly to all anti-cigarette lectures, and never by any chance allow one of their number to doze or study, during the reading of the morning Scripture lesson.

Item 3: To our successors, we also bequeath a Senior table, over which no Faculty member shall preside and at which abundant supplies of "Zip" and rice shall be served not oftener than twenty-one times each week.

Item 4: One large, badly worn, cushion we also bequeath to the aforesaid class, to be used in their supplications for Senior privileges. May there be raised up amongst their number, some one eloquent enough to win from the Faculty their consent to all the privileges that the class of Seventeen was forced to steal.

Item 5: To the college as a whole we give and bequeath a ten-acre pasture lot and poultry-yard, to be located not less than one hundred yards from the kitchen door, and we do direct that the funds necessary for the purchase of said lot shall be raised by the sale of chickens and milk, formerly consumed by the Cross Sextette.

Item 6: We give and bequeath to each member of the student body the undisputed right to, at least, one gallon of hot water each Saturday, provided the price of coal does not advance.

Item 7: To the girls of the combined Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen classes, we will and bequeath some comfortable seats at the front entrance of the College grounds, said seats to take the place of the hard iron bars upon which they have been forced to spend so many weary hours this year.

Item 8: Having experienced the great benefits derived from socials, we do hereby will and bequeath to all the students of Milligan College, in addition to the regular Sunday afternoon social, all the socials which they can honestly steal or otherwise obtain.



THE BUFFALO



Item 9: To the Ancient Language Department, we will and bequeath one attractive young lady assistant.

Item 10: To Mrs. Hopwood, we do give and bequeath a bell, the silvery tones of which can be heard by her "sweet girlies" in all their favorite haunts, even to the remotest parts of the building and grounds.

Item 11: To the Faculty, we bequeath the contentment and satisfaction that comes to a body of men and women who have striven long, hard and faithfully to accomplish a worthy task and have wholly succeeded. The achievement has been the transformation of the large class of ignorant and inexperienced Freshmen into the present well-equipped body of Seniors, ready to go forth and successfully meet and solve the problems of life.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of, we do give and bequeath to our beloved Dean, for his use and benefit absolutely. And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Dean sole executor of this, our last will and testament, said executor to provide any funds that may be necessary for the execution of this will.

In testimony whereof, we have set our hands and seals this fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

<i>N. L. Garrett.</i>	<i>Lina P. P. P.</i>
<i>Cassie Bowers.</i>	<i>Annie Lee Lucas</i>
<i>Nat Burchfield</i>	<i>Bella B. Shipley</i>
<i>Russell B. Clark.</i>	<i>R. C. Wells</i>
<i>Martha F. Spencer</i>	<i>Fate J. J. J.</i>
<i>M. P. Blackwell</i>	<i>J. H. H. H.</i>
<i>Lee Campbell</i>	<i>J. W. All good</i>
<i>Howard H. J. J.</i>	
<i>Alice H. H. H.</i>	<i>Margaret G. G.</i>
<i>J. B. White</i>	<i>Whelanetta B. B.</i>
<i>Laura M. B. B.</i>	<i>F. B. Farrow</i>
<i>B. H. Hayden</i>	<i>W. B. B. B. Executor</i>
<i>L. J. J. J.</i>	

Witness



VIEWS ALONG THE NARROW GAUGE





JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class

"Ut Primi Simus"

YELL: Zip-e-zi, zip-e-zan

We are the Juniors of Milligan:
Small in number, but large in "pep",
That's the way we got our "rep"

COLORS: Orange and Green

FLOWER: Narcissus

Officers

MARY KEEFAUVERPRESIDENT
PAUL GREENVICE-PRESIDENT
BLANCHE FERGUSON...SECRETARY AND TREASURER
CHARLES LUCAS.....EDITOR

Class Roll

WHILLAMETTA BAILEY "BILLIE"
ARTHUR DEPEW "PREACHER"
ANNIE FRAZIER "DUTCHEY"
BLANCHE FERGUSON BROWN"
PAUL GREEN SAVVY"
MARY KEEFAUVER KEEWHACKER"
CHARLES LUCAS "HENRY IX"
CARL MCCONNELL CHARLIE"
EULA POTTER "BOBBIE"
GEORGIE PERRY "MUTT"



THE - B U F F A L O



Junior Class Poem

Farewell

Before the leaves begin to tinge,
Or the swallows southland fly,
Or the goldenrod with its golden fringe
Bows down its head to die:
We feel the call of College life
Like an Indian yearns for the wild;
And we think of love, of books and strife
With examinations mild (?)
And our inner natures rule us;
So it's back to Milligan
Where there are new rules to fool us
And beaus to catch, if we can.
And O, the jolly times we spent
Thru the campus, gym, and hall,
Both Cupid and Minerva their good help lent
To avail—and none at all.
But our school year fades into the past,
Like mirage to the wanderer's eye,
For neither joy nor sorrow can last
Nor the fragrance of good deeds die.
Our comradeship nears now its close,
And you, our schoolmates true,
We value your friendship like the rose
Doth prize the kiss of the dew,
So here's to dear old Milligan,
And here's to the Seniors, too,
Here's to the days that come not again,
In our Junior year, now thru.

CHARLES LUCAS.

SOPHOMORE



AUSTIN HUGGINS

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SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE · B U F F A L O



Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORES

Safety First

OFFICERS

Pearl Burleson, Pres
Robert Taylor, V. Pres.
Dewey Ford, Sec'y
Harry Wells, Edit.

ROLL

Pearl Ellis
Pearl Burleson
Pearl Shepherd
Mae Bales
Amelia Snyder
Robert Taylor
Dewey Ford
Harry Wells
Flower
Rhododendron

1919

"Gangway Freshie"

BOSSES

Little Pearl, Bossissimus
Piccadilly, Pseudobossissimus
Do Nuthin, Scribe
Sweetie, Ink Slinger

TALLY LIST

Goldie
Little Pearl
Tottie
Snooks, [Likes martins for a pe[s]t]
Jack, [Likes possums; got one treed]
Piccadilly, [Such fat hands]
Do Nuthin, [Owns a -Jo- Ford]
Sweetie, [Peg o' my heart]
Flower
Jimpson Weed



CAMPUS SCENE

FRESHMAN



Austin
Huglin J.



FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class

MOTTO: "Impossible is Un-American"

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Pansy

Rah! Rah! Rah! Who are we?
Freshmen! Freshmen! Don't you see?
We should worry. He, ho, hi,
We'll be Seniors, By and By!

Officers

HELEN FRAZIER.....	PRESIDENT
FRANK CROSSWHITE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
VASA RUTHERFORD.....	SECRETARY
LAWRENCE HENDRIX.....	TREASURER
VIOLET COX.....	REPORTER

Class Roll

WILLIAM BLEVINS
EARL BOWERS
PAUL COOPER
VIOLET COX
FRANK CROSSWHITE
LUTHER FEATHERS
HELEN FRAZIER
ROBERT GODBEY

LAWRENCE HENDRIX
GEORGE KENDRICK
LEE ESTHER KNIGHT
GRACE RAY
LAURA RUTHERFORD
VASA RUTHERFORD
ROY SNODGRASS
HENRY TAYLOR



COUNTRY SCENE NEAR COLLEGE

*"God made the country
Man made the town"—Cowper.*



SYCAMORE SHOALS

He leadeth me beside the still waters.—23rd Psalm

SUB-FRESHMAN



AUSTIN
HOLMES



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS



Sub-Freshmen

"Not finished, only begun"

COLORS : Purple and Gold

FLOWER : Violet

Officers

LEOTA HENDRIX.....PRESIDENT
EMBREE ODOM.....VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY TAYLOR.....SECRETARY
ERNEST HENDRIX.....TREASURER

Class Roll

GEORGE ANTHONY
JASPER CROSS
ASHLEY GREER
ERNEST HENDRIX
LEOTA HENDRIX
IVA JONES
VERNA KILBURNE

JUNIOR MASTON
EMBREE ODOM
KERSIE ODOM
LLOYD PERRY
CARL SHEPPERD
WALLACE SHIPLEY
MARY TAYLOR

BENTON WILMUTH



Calendar

- Sept. 18th—General arrival.
Sept. 19th—Reunion old, and meeting of new students.
Sept. 20th—Chapel, hence "cigarettes."
Sept. 21st—More scared children.
Sept. 24th—Our Sunday School work begun again.
Sept. 29th—Reorganizing Girls' Literary Society.
- Oct. 1st—Our much loved Prof. Boyd again seen and heard in pulpit.
Oct. 5th—Mrs. Hopwood calls girls' meeting. "Be sweet, girlyes."
Oct. 20th—Dr. Hopwood coasts down Buffalo.
Oct. 28th—Jasper bags snipes.
Oct. 23rd—Prof. and Mrs. Boyd called to Cookeville on receipt of a (\$3.50).
Oct. 24th—Girls' Basket Ball Team organized.
Oct. 26th—Mountain and Gorge day—Great reports from both parties.
- Nov. 1st—Examinations all around. Everybody pale.
Nov. 2nd—Election of Officers in Girls' Society.
Nov. 4th—Senior Class meetings begin.
Nov. 5th—Mrs. Hendrix and boys invite girls with beaux to dinner.
Nov. 7th—Straw election in school—Prof. Hamblin, democratic candidate, won.
Nov. 27th—Thanksgiving Day—American Literary Society renders "Nan, the Mascotte," a great success.
- Dec. 16th—Girls give Mary K. big feast—she passed another mile-stone.
Dec. 22nd—Erva leaves, and "Possum" goes into his lair.
Dec. 24th—Christmas Holidays—Hardin Hall is lonesome for a week.
- Jan. 2nd—Return to Prison, and (Campbell) weeps for (Puss-all).
Jan. 3rd—Harness doesn't seem to fit well on students.
Jan. 4th—The "Joe Forde" arrives.
Jan. 10th—Senior Class suffers from enlargement and Nell is Mollified.
Jan. 12th—Bricks go up, and Jasper goes to bed.



THE · B U F F A L O



Jan. 23rd—Departure of "Tige"—Chemistry Class waits for a Teacher.

Jan. 30th—Woe-be-gone looks and well worn books, go walking about.
That their exam doth mean a cram, Professors sure find out.

Feb. 5th—New term starts—anxiety over for short time.

Feb. 12th—Senior meeting—Any more suggestions for Annual, Seniors?

Feb. 15th—Lottery introduced into Hardin Dining Room by Mrs. Hopwood.

Feb. 22nd—Ossolian Program and Eats—"Fine Advertisement, Girls."

Mar. 5th—Clean-up day at Cottage—Shorty's jaw fractured.

Mar. 6th—Harry Wells gets annual hair-cut.

Mar. 10th—Basket Ball season closes with honors to our boys.

Mar. 30th—Charles Lucas proves to be the driest (?), therefore wins Liquor contest.

Mar. 31st—Entertained "German Spy" unawares, in Cranston, the singer.

April 1st—Sunday-girls serve salt instead of sugar—"Girlies, don't waste the sugar!"

April 8th—Easter season recognized—Rainbow combinations on advertising pews of church.

April 12th—Harry Garrett receives the prize for "Non studiosus" (?) viz: Valedictory.

April 20th—Normal withdraws with colors trailing.

April 23rd—Mary and Martha attend Boone's Creek Commencement.

April 26th—Big birthday dinner—All the intellectual people were born in April; ask Dr. Hopwood if they were not.

May 3rd—Annual banquet of the American Literary Society postponed until 1918 on account of loyalty to Uncle Sam.

May 5th—Annual banquet of Kershner Literary Society omitted, proving their loyalty to their country.

May 22nd—Hurrah, Seniors Vacation from school to work for Commencement.

May 29th—Goodbye to everybody.



MUSIC CLASS



Music Class

M. J. ATKINSON, DIRECTOR

Piano and Voice

SUSIE PERRY

Violin and Piano

Piano

MARY KEEFAUVER	ADDIE WADE
GEORGIE PERRY	IVA JONES
CARSIE BOWERS	LAWRENCE HENDRIX
WHILLAMETTA BAILEY	GRACE RAY
MARY TAYLOR	ANNIE LUCAS
KATHERINE TAYLOR	AMELIA SNIDER
HARRY WELLS	VIOLET COX
HOWARD TRUSLER	PEARL BURLESON
ROY GREER	LEOTA HENDRIX
MRS. WILL WHITE	ZOLA DENTON
ANNIE FRAZIER	AARON ODOM
DEWEY FORD	PEARL ELLIS
WILLIE HYDER	RUTH HYDER

ELSIE HYDER

Violin

HELEN FRAZIER	ASHLEY GREER
CARL McCONNELL	ERVA MUMFORD

Voice

WHILLAMETTA BAILEY
ANNIE LUCAS
KEITH FORDE



Expression Class

MISS SUSIE PERRY, Teacher

MARY KEEFAUVER

CARSIE BOWERS

JASPER CROSS

CHARLES LUCAS

BLANCHE FERGUSON

MAE BALES

ROY BUCK

ANNIE LUCAS

LAURA MARY BORING



THE - B U F F A L O



An Ode to Milligan

Fair Milligan, we tread in thy echoing halls,
We meet in the shade of thy old brick walls,
Long, long may they stand in thy beauty and pride
While truth and knowledge within them abide.

Today, in the midst of the contest and strife,
In fitting ourselves for the battles of life,
Stern duty's call is so loud and so long,
We have no time for Pleasure's sweet song.

What if the heavens are glowing in splendor
If the wind in the trees sings a tune sweet and tender,
This sum must be worked, that lesson be learned
Or you from your class be indignantly spurned.

But methinks a time in our lives shall arrive
When we shall be scattered as bees from a hive;
Some dwelling in homes with earth's nobles, will dine,
While others, we may find feeding the swine.

Then memory will bear me again to the scenes
To where the clear water of Buffalo gleams;
Sit again in the shade of the many leaved trees,
Breathe the pure air of Heaven from over the leas.

Time has erased from the memory, the stains
Of labor and turmoil and unceasing pains;
Forgotten are all the ills that annoyed,
And the days spent at Milligan alone were enjoyed.

There, mountain and valley add beauty and charm,
Afar from the scenes of strife and alarm;
There, the flowers are brightest, such songs of the birds,
Such murmuring of waters no ear ever heard.

Again we list to the sound of the bells
As they ring for classes, their silvery tongue tells,
'Tis harmony to him who at his books stayed,
But discord to those who in idleness played.



THE - B U F F A L O



We're again in the Library and gaze at the store
Of books of all sizes of wisdom and lore:
From which we have gathered such gleanings of truth
As will sober the pride and the folly of youth.

We think of our teachers whose locks are now gray,
With the conflicts they've fought for many a day,
And happy are we if on each beloved face,
Our conduct has left no sorrowful trace.

We think of our school-mates, some happy and gay,
Whose faces were bright as a morning in May,
Others, whose faces were so overcast,
They sent chills to our hearts like December's cold blast.

Now, scattered are they to the four-winds of Heaven,
God grant that they be as fresh measures of leaven,
Commingled with men and with women of earth,
May save many souls when the Master appeareth.

With thoughts of our schoolmates come the glad holiday,
When book, slate, and work were exchanged for play;
We climbed the steep mountain, or delved in the cave,
Gazed on Doe's rugged canyons or Watauga's blue
waves.

Milligan, loved spot in all earth's domain,
May truth, justice and wisdom e'er with thee remain,
'Gainst the stronghold of sin send forth thy loud calls,
As the notes that resounded round Jericho's walls.

The fruits of thy wisdom thou freely dost give,
In teaching thy children the true way to live;
Thou hast uplifted many and strengthened and blessed,
And granted reward to the noblest and best.

ANNIE LEE LUCAS.



The Kershner Quartette

W. P. BLACKWELL.....	FIRST TENOR
T. W. ALLGOOD.....	SECOND TENOR
E. P. COOPER.....	FIRST BASS
H. C. WELLS.....	SECOND BASS



The Ministerial Association

PROF. B. H. HAYDEN, DIRECTOR

Officers

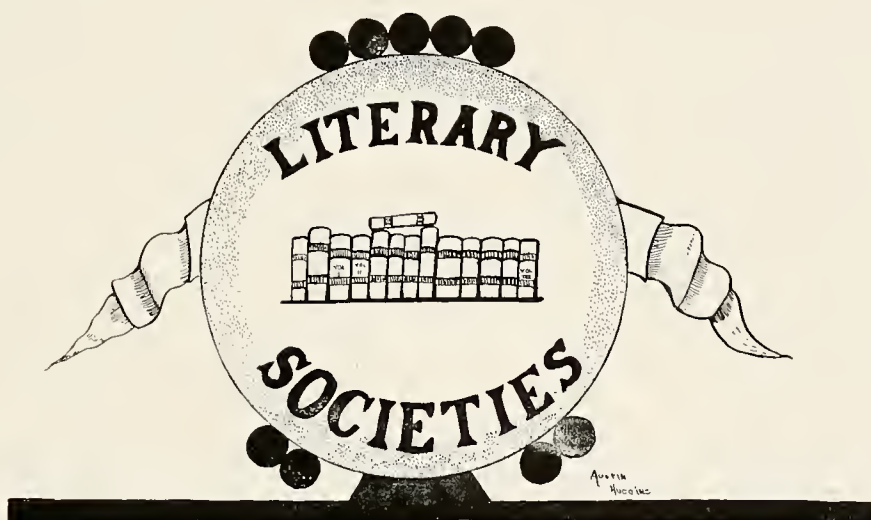
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ARTHUR M. DEPEW.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
W. P. BLACKWELL.....	SECRETARY
PAUL C. COOPER	TREASURER
THOMAS W. ALLGOOD.....	EDITOR

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F. W. CROSSWHITE	A. M. DEPEW
W. P. BLACKWELL	F. B. FARROW
T. W. ALLGOOD	E. P. COOPER
J. M. CROSS	P. C. GREEN



SCENES IN AND AROUND MILLIGAN





AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY



AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

COLORS: Red, White, Blue EMBLEM: U. S. Flag

MOTTO: "Study to show thyself approved."

Officers

JOSEPH G. KEEBLER	PRESIDENT
ARTHUR M. DEPEW	VICE-PRESIDENT
PAUL GREEN	SECRETARY
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HARRY L. GARRETT	CENSOR
SAM J. HYDER	CHAPLAIN
LAMAR PEEBLES	JANITOR

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ROY M. BUCK	PAUL GREEN	KERSIE ODOM
RUSSELL B. CLARK	BRISCOE GRIFFITH	LAMAR PEEBLES
J. M. CROSS	EARNEST HENDRIX	LLOYD PERRY
FRANK CROSSWHITE	LAWRENCE HENDRIX	VESA V. RUTHERFORD
LLOYD V. CROUCH	SAM J. HYDER	ROBERT L. TAYLOR
ARTHUR M. DEPEW	JOSEPH G. KEEBLER	GEORGE B. TIPTON
FRANK B. FARROW	GEORGE KENDRICK	A. A. TRUSLER
DEWEY FORD	CHARLES D. LUCAS	C. H. TRUSLER

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PROF. B. H. HAYDEN	HON. SHELBURNE FERGUSON
PROF. LOGAN E. GARRETT	HON. BEN H. TAYLOR

Senior Members

RUSSELL B. CLARK	HARRY L. GARRETT	C. HOWARD TRUSLER
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	ALBERT A. TRUSLER	



OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



The Ossolian Literary Society

MOTTO: "Labor Omnia Vincit"

FLOWER: Carnation

COLORS: Pink and Green

Officers

GEORGIE PERRY	PRESIDENT
VIOLET COX	VICE-PRESIDENT
KEITH FORDE	SECRETARY
AMELIA SNYDER	TREASURER
EULA POTTER	CRITIC
MARY KEEFAUVER	CENSOR
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BLANCHE FERGUSON	PIANIST

Members

MAE BALES
LAURA MARY BORING
CARSIE BOWERS
VIOLET COX
BLANCHE FERGUSON
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LEE ESTHER KNIGHT
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EULA POTTER
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AMELIA SNYDER
MARTHA SPENCER

Honorary Members

MISS SUSIE PERRY

MRS. S. E. HOPWOOD

Senior Members

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KERSHNER LITERARY SOCIETY



H.C. WELLS



E.P. COOPER



A.Z. VODYKE



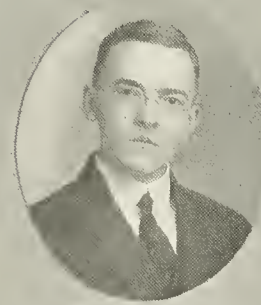
W.P. BLACKWELL



W.M. BLEVINS



A. QUINZEL



F.R. HAMBLIN



H. MCNEAL



L.M. FEATHERS



T.W. ALLGOOD



R.F. SNODGRASS



The Frederick A. Kershner Literary Society

FOUNDED OCTOBER, 1911

COLORS: Maroon and blue

MOTTO : Vincit omnia veritas

YELL : F. D. K., Rah! Rah! F. D. K., Rah! Rah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!

Frederick D. Kershner, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yea, Kershner! Yea, Kershner!

K.e.r.....s.h.....n.e.r!
Kershner!

Officers

W. P. BLACKWELL	PRESIDENT
W. M. BLEVINS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
L. M. FEATHERS	SECRETARY
F. R. HAMBLIN	CRITIC
E. P. COOPER.....	CENSOR
T. W. ALLGOOD.....	CHAPLAIN
R. F. SNODGRASS	JANITOR

Members

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A. Z. UPDYKE	T. W. ALLGOOD
E. P. COOPER	F. R. HAMBLIN
A. QUINZEL	H. McNEAL
H. C. WELLS	R. F. SNODGRASS
L. M. FEATHERS	



What We Think

THE Frederick D. Kershner Literary Society was founded October 29, 1911, for the purpose of affording its members a training in literary and oratorical work beyond what could be obtained in the regular college course and in the studies of the classroom. We, as well as our founders, realize the fact that in after-life it will be necessary not only to have wide knowledge concerning matters of human interest, but to be able to think accurately and express our thoughts clearly, forcefully and elegantly upon those subjects. We believe that in fitting ourselves so to think and express our thoughts such a training as may be obtained through society work is of prime importance. Such being our beliefs, the aim which we, as loyal Kershners, have constantly kept in mind, has been to advance as best we might the standard of our society work and, in fact the standard of literary work in general at Milligan.

To our success in carrying into effect these, our aims, and in putting into practice these our beliefs, the character and ability of our members who have won honor and distinction for themselves and their society while within these halls and who, after departing from their Alma Mater, have gathered fresh laurels in the outside world, may well bear witness. It is our purpose not to rest content with the glory gained for us by our worthy predecessors, but to press constantly onward, to carry the banner of progress farther forward with each passing year, and to gain ever fresh conquests which will bring praise and honor to us as individuals, to our society as a whole, and, above all, to our Beloved Alma Mater, MILLIGAN COLLEGE.

ATHLETICS





Varsity Base Ball Team



Varsity Base Ball Team

LAMAR PEEBLES, MANAGER
HARRY GARRETT, PITCHER
RUSSELL CLARK, CATCHER
LLOYD CROUCH, FIRST BASE
DEWEY FORD, SECOND BASE
ROBERT TAYLOR, SHORT STOP

ALF TAYLOR, JR., THIRD BASE
FRANK FARROW, RIGHT FIELDER
MARTIN BOREN, CENTER FIELDER
ROBERT ANDERSON, LEFT FIELDER
HENRY TAYLOR, PITCHER
LAMAR PEEBLES, PITCHER

THE CALL OF THE AGE

"'Get in the Game'—so runs the call
Along the line of play:
When seasoned ash meets speeding ball
To drive it on the way:
Where base hits echo out the scene
Athwart the winning run—
Where flying spikes cut through the green
Which glistens in the sun.

"'Get in the Game'—so runs the cry
Across the Nation's sweep:
Where flags are tossed against the sky,
And silent shadows creep;
Where camp lights flicker in their glow
And pickets pass the sign—
To face whatever Fate may throw
Against the forming line.

"'Get in the Game'—the old, old call
Has caught a newer note;
But still the ancient echoes fall
By mountain and by moat;
Where life is something more than dreams,
And softer days have gone,
Before the greater day that gleams
Against a redder dawn.

"'Get in the Game'—the echo lifts
Beyond the grip of fate,
And farther still the slogan drifts
To where the legions wait;
The ancient slogan of the clan,
Where those have met before
To fill the line up, man by man,
And find the winning score."



Varsity Basketball Team

MANAGER.....ALBERT TRUSLER CAPTAIN.....LLOYD CROUCH

Line-Up

ROBERT TAYLOR, RIGHT FORWARD DEWEY FORD, RIGHT GUARD,
FRANK FARROW, LEFT FORWARD RUSSELL CLARK, LEFT GUARD
LLOYD CROUCH, CENTER
ARTHUR DEPEW, SUBSTITUTE GEORGE TIPTON, SUBSTITUTE



Girls' Basket Ball Team

NELL CAMPBELL.....CAPTAIN
 MARTHA SPENCER.....MANGER
 FRANK FARROW.....COACH

Line-Up

NELL CAMPBELL, RIGHT FORWARD ROSE MOSS, LEFT FORWARD
 PEARL SHEPPARD, CENTER GEORGIE PERRY, RIGHT GUARD
 LEOTA HENDRIX, LEFT GUARD



Scouts' Basket Ball Team

W. B. BOYD, SCOUT MASTER

F. B. FARROW, ASSISTANT SCOUT MASTER

Line-Up

ERNEST HENDRIX, MANAGER

FRANK B. FARROW, COACH

ERNEST HENDRIX, LEFT FORWARD

LLOYD PERRY, RIGHT FORWARD

KERSIE ODOM, LEFT GUARD

ROS SHEPARD, RIGHT GUARD

CARL SHEPARD, CENTER

EMERY ODOM, SUBSTITUTE

DUIE BARLOW, SUBSTITUTE

ORCHESTRA



I MUST BE GETTING RHEUMATIC; EVERY TIME
I WAG MY TAIL SOMETHING GROANS!



Orchestra

SUSIE PERRY, DIRECTOR

NELL CAMPBELL.....	PIANIST
HELEN FRAZIER.....	FIRST VIOLIN
ASHLEY GREER.....	SECOND VIOLIN
LLOYD PERRY.....	MELOPHONE
HOWARD TRUSLER.....	SNARE DRUM



Girls' Glee Club

KEITH FORDE	}	-----FIRST SOPRANO
BLANCHE FERGUSON		
GEORGIE PERRY	}	-----SECOND SOPRANO
NELL CAMPBELL		
MARTHA SPENCER	-----	CONTRALTO



ATHLETIC FIELD

Clubs and Organizations





Cross Sextette

FLOWER: Milkweed

COLORS: Brindle and Green

JASPER CROSS.....	HEAD EXECUTIVE AND COW JUICER
PAUL GREEN	KALE PRODUCER
*CARL MCCONNELL.....	YALE LOCK SPECIALIST
ROBERT GODBEY.....	NIGHT WATCHMAN
CHARLES LUCAS.....	TRANSPORT FROM IKE SHUPE'S
HARRY GARRETT.....	COW CHASER
FRANK FARROW.....	CHIEF COOK AND CORK PULLER
*RALPH GARRETT.....	FLASHLIGHT HOLDER AND DISHWASHER

This club was organized by those who deemed it necessary to protect their voice and bodily health by the use of proper foods; after long experimenting, they have found hot chocolate and candy to be most beneficial. So: when all the college seems rolled in, and cows are on the run: A grin for sin and an empty tin, helps some, my boys, helps some.

TRANSPORTER

*Founded



The Old Dominion Club

Officers

ANNIE L. LUCAS PRESIDENT
HARRY L. GARRETT SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

MARGARET GODBEY
LAURA RUTHERFORD
HARRY GARRETT
CHARLES LUCAS
ROBERT GODBEY
CARL McCONNELL

ROSA MOSS
ANNIE LEE LUCAS
GEORGE KENDRICK
W. P. BLACKWELL
A. Z. UPDYKE
BENTON WILMOUTH



Jonesboro Club

ALBERT TRUSLER
HOWARD TRUSLER
ARTHUR DEPEW

MARY KEEFAUVER
JOSEPH KEEBLER
FRANK CROSSWHITE



Racket Raisers' Tennis Club

MOTTO: "Never fuss, but raise a racket"

COLORS: Green and white

Members

CARSIE BOWERS

KEITH FORDE

GEORGIE PERRY

EULA POTTER

MARTHA SPENCER



THE · B U F F A L O



Hendrix Club

EARL BOWERS
RUSSELL CLARK
FRANK CROSSWHITE
ARTHUR DEPEW
DEWEY FORD
FRANK FARROW
CLYDE HENDRIX

LAWRENCE HENDRIX
JOSEPH KEEBLER
AARON ODOM
KURSIE ODOM
EMBREE ODOM
HOWARD TRUSLER
PETE TRUSLER



BOY SCOUTS

Reflection

Beside the rippling stream,
I stand in mystic dream;
Musing o'er scenes long past,
And visions real at last.

Though borne by waves afar,
Truth is my guiding star;
With eyes fixed on it still
My mission I'll fulfill.

Borne o'er the waves of time
Through many a distant clime,
The pilgrim from each shore
Waves to his friends of yore.

From out each time and place,
With steady onward pace,
As waters swiftly flow
I leave the long ago.

Who made the sun for light
Will lead me in the right,
"O'er crag and torrent till"
His purpose I fulfill.

W. PIERCE BLACKWELL.



FOOT BRIDGE ACROSS BUFFALO CREEK

To The Buffalo

I stand on the bridge in the fragrance of morning
And list to thy babbling of hope and of cheer,
As the dewdrops, a-glitter on willows o'erhang,
Cause ripples of smiles with each breeze coming near.
And my heart beats right gaily
For the task that comes daily.

I pause at the noontide to hear thy glad singing
Which tells of the glory of work that's well done,
And am heartened again for the load now grown heavy,
The long road that seemed short when the task was begun.
And I lift my load cheerily
And trudged on right merrily.

And then in the evening when twilight is falling
I come to thee worn with the cares of the day;
The silver moonlight, the night wind caressing,
And thy low gentle murmur soothes all care away:
For you whisper of peace
And from sorrow surcease.

M. G.



THE - B U F F A L O



College Book Store

"Old Curiosity Shop".....	"Tige's" Class Room
"All Sorts and Conditions of Men".....	Ministerial Association
"The Light That Failed".....	Lloyd Crouch
"The Port of Missing Men".....	The Wright Club
"The Other Wise Man".....	Prof. Hayden
"The Danger Mark"	D.....
"Pictorial Review"	Annual
"Scientific American"	Dr. Hopwood
"The Long Roll"	Chapel Absences
"Harpers".....	Harry Wells and Leota Hendrix
"Review of Reviews"	Hash
"The House of Happiness".....	Hardin Hall during Social
"Popular Weekly"	Johnson City
"Smart Set"	Seniors
"The Deerslayer"	Prof. Hamblin or Blevins
"The Virginian"	Margaret Godbey
"The Green Book"	Freshmen



SOCIAL

Social Time Table

COUPLE	MADE UP	STARTED	SPEED RATE	DESTINATION
Margaret ----- Carl-----	Bob's room	When Cora left	Limited	Sistown
Carsie ----- Harry -----	Way up the track	Feb. 22, 1916	Going some	Altarville
Martha ----- Russell -----	In cozy corner	At her bidding	Mile a minute	Boone's Creek
Mary ----- Clyde-----	Washington's Birthday	At the Mill	Sunday Special	Bald Knob
Blanche ----- Joseph -----	When Big-un left	Immediately	Down grade	Two Falls
Leota ----- Charles -----	Ossolian banquet	Not yet	Slow	Friendship
Carlyne ----- Pierce -----	When violets withered	Feb. 25th 1917	Fifty-Fifty	Courtville
Bob ----- Eula -----	On stairs	On time	Lively	Lovecote
Grace ----- Arthur -----	Beforehand	When she arrived	Swift	Cupidtown
Amelia ----- Lawrence-----	On way to station	When Tip resigned	Piking	Sea-Erva
May ----- Martin -----	Post Office	2:30 P. M.	50 miles an hour	Spoonville
Keith ----- Dewey-----	Jan. 15, 1916	Next day	The limit of Fords	Ask-Larry
Laura Mary ---- Lamar -----	Ringling Cir- cus—Tennis	Ringling's Circus	Jerky	Farmtown
Nell ----- Howard -----	In chapel	First sight	Record- breaking	Anchorville
Georgie----- Lloyd-----	In Johnson City	While Pokie was home	Rapid	Loveland
Lucas----- Green -----	Post Office	Before long	Slow but sure	Gretna Green
Lee Esther ---- Frank -----	Latin I	Mid-week Social	Up-grade	Matrimony
Miss Susie ---- Roy Buck-----	In the be- ginning	Coming up from church	Galloping	Candyville



Social Department

POSSIBLY of all the departments at Milligan, the Social Department is the one of most interest to all generally. The athlete thoroughly enjoys the physical training which he obtains here; the intellectual one can find plenty of opportunities to direct his mind in its investigations for truths, and the religious folks can stand up and sing hymns, quote the first Psalm, etc., all day long unmolested. The happy medium for all this is found in the Social Department.

Every Sunday afternoon and on special occasions, one can see the athlete temporarily forget baseball; the intellectual lower his spectacles, and the religious folks unfold their hands and crawl out of their pious solemnity long enough to sit up and take notice. From the time of the opening reception of each year, until the time for departure in the Spring, Master Cupid is one of the busiest persons on the Hill—his darts are always in vogue.

Cupid naturally has his opposers just like every other idealist, but he finds staunch supporters in the student body. He meets a drawback on most every corner, unless the participants are wise enough and slick enough to escape the ever watchful eye of Mrs. Hopwood, and the "reporters" in general. The ways and means of escaping are many and varied, and as may be expected, the students know the very latest twist in these things. The athletes invariably take a walk or play tennis daily—the intellectual ones always flock to the classroom in pursuit of Knowledge; while the religious couples take their troubles to the chapel.

Through it all, tho', is woven that inexplicable Milligan spirit which binds all hearts together. It is at Milligan that the grass grows greener, the flowers smell sweeter, friends seem nearer and girls dearer—no matter where we may roam, there will always be a happy memory of the "dear dead days beyond recall" spent at Milligan in sweet communion with the best girls.



LIBRARY



As You Like It

Editor's Note: When the joke is old the application is new.

L—— had just proposed to G——. "No," she said, "I cannot marry you.

The man who gets me must be a grand man, upright and square."

"My dear girl," said L——, "you don't want a man; you want a piano."

S. P.: "Do you know why I'm so interested in my violin?"

M. G.: "No. Why?"

S. P.: "'Cause I always have a ready bow."

Margaret: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Bob: "I thought he lived at the White House."

Mrs. Larue: "Are you fond of Chaminade?"

Mrs. Boyd: "Yes, but I have to be very careful what I eat."

Mrs. Hopwood: "Have you read the Knickerbocker History of New York?"

Mr. Garrett: "No, I'm not interested in those reports of the clothing trade."

Miss Atkinson: "What do you mean, Mr. Hendrix, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, and Fred Handel?"

Lawrence: "Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers."

Nell: "Oh, dear, I'm in such a quandary."

Miss Susie: "What is it?"

Nell: "Mark promises to stop drinking if I marry him and Molly threatens to begin if I don't."

Dr. Boyd: "Mr. Lucas, define a vaccuum."

Charles: "I can't exactly express it, but I have it in my head."

Laura Mary: "What is the I. P. A.? Is it a Club?"

Martha: "No, it is the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association."

Prof. Hayden: "Class, what is the broadest subject in the 8th chapter of Genesis?"

Lamar: "The flood. It covered the entire world."

Carsie: "All extremely bright people are conceited."

Mary K.: "Oh, I don't know, I'M not."

Mrs. Hopwood: "Crouch, I thought I fired you."

Crouch: "You did on the inside of the letter, but on the outside it said to return in five days."



Want Department

IN this department we publish a list of young hopefuls—some young and others younger—who, having become tired of single blessedness, and wishing to share the burdens of the so-called “stronger sex,” have thus entered their “want” ads.

Rates and terms given on application in the business department of “THE BUFFALO.”

Blanche Ferguson—A boy with rusty hair and handsome face

Nell Campbell—Medium sized man with brown hair and gray hair

Annie Lucas—A green man

George Perry—Base ball player

Martha Spencer—A doctor with blue eyes and little hair

Susie Perry—Just a man, a tall one

Margaret Godbey—A sport

Carsie Bowers—A dreamer of dreams

Mary Keefauver—A baldheaded man

Lester Knight—A coon

Keith Forde—Another Lizzie

Carlyne Lowe—A Pierce-ed man

Mae Bales—A lover

Amelia Snider—A “Possum.”

The End







Aduertisements



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TENNESSEE

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F. H. PARKIS,
E. E. HATHAWAY, } V.-Presidents
D. S. WAGNER, }
C. H. HUNTER, Cashier

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for all these Sports*

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FOOTBALL
TENNIS
GOLF

Bear the Name

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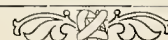
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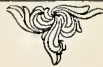
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Made all the Photographs and furnished the Engravings for this Annual. We greatly appreciate the excellent work which he did. Mr. Cargille himself is indeed an artist.

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